

**THE LEXINGTON WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.—SEPTEMBER 19, 1866.**

**The Weekly Caucasian.**

**ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.**

For the Caucasian.  
As through the rich sunbeam fields,  
A kiss to each petal, and  
Where shadows from the heavens steal  
A kiss to each their solitude,  
Upon the green, the golden, the green,  
Sat, quivering on its tassel'd stems,  
And sporting 'mid the flowers of spring,  
Or stolen from the rainbow's ring.

Withered fading on its beauty comes,  
All softness soon excepted by her  
Are fair as fair can be,  
Description for this better,  
The flower of all the roses, the rose,  
And sporting 'mid the flowers of spring,  
Tis but a wort in blossom.

A kiss to each their solitude,  
These charms expatiate in the bright.

But Romeo came to my relief,  
And won his kisses—“I am here!

For Beauty's kiss is short and brief,

Her beauty's winter-tide can't take care

And leaves her beauty's bloom,

She's won't much to subdue,

She's won't much to subdue,

She's won't much to subdue,

Came from a friend's—“I am here!

Young girls, if you would cherish her,  
And win your loves on honored names,

Then go to her, then—“I am here!

The flower of all the roses, the rose,

Tis not fashion's little blithe,

The flower of all the roses, the rose,

And wins you when the rose,

Long Grove, Mo. — G. W. R.

News paper Borrowers.

There are a class of people who obtain

their reading matter—kept posted in

the news of the day—entirely at the ex-

pense of other people. Many of

this class are not aware of the annoy-

ance they occasion to their friends by

prevailing in this unmanly and pre-

vious practice. The cost of subscrip-

tion to newspapers is but a trifl when

compared with the expense and labor

bestowed upon it by the editor, and

you will prevail in withholding

your patronage until you have ob-

ligated yourself to his iniquitous

and the absolute injury of the publish-

er. Most of men will subscribe and

pay for their papers, are too modest to

call you a *bore*, yet we know they so

regard you. We allude to you—the

last now reading this article. You

are one of those well-wishers of a

newspaper, who never patronize it one

dollar, to keep it alive. Good will is

all well enough as far as it goes, but

dollars and cents are the absolute es-

sentials to the life of a newspaper, or

its editor either. Give up the abomin-

able practice of borrowing. Subscribe

for a paper of your own; give your

family a copy of its political views;

don't longer suffer your mother's fam-

ily to make them at as they say

“there comes old *John Bull*,” to borrow

our paper, when we have scarcely read

a line in it ourselves.” This is no

imaginary picture, but it has often oc-

curred and will continue as long as you

prevail in this unmanly practice of

borrowing a newspaper.—*Nat. Int'l.*

Louisville Journal on Brownlow.

The Rev. Mr. Brownlow, of Ten-

ner, uttered a sentiment at Philadelphia, ac-

cording to the telegraph, on Saturday,

that is worthy only of a worshipper of

Moloch. He wants another war, and

he would have the Southern people ut-

terly exterminated by fire and slaughter,

and their lands appropriated for the

benefit of others. He says he would

have the invading force divided into

three classes; the first to do the “kill-

ing,” the second to carry away and

the third to “put it in motion.” The

telegraph says the sentiment was re-

ceived with chagrin. This monster of

cruelty would have the Southern peo-

ple murdered and their houses and all

they have “reduced to smouldering

heaps of blackened cinders. He would

delight to see women and children, the

infirm and the aged, flying in terror

and alarm from burning dwellings, and

falling down in their own blood while

attempting to escape! He would im-

itate the poor savage who never heard

of the Christian's God, and made of the

South a wide waste, in which no sound

can be heard but the moaning of

slaughtered victims and the dropping

of vital organs and the howling of wild

beasts seeking their prey. And this

he would call peace! This is the

Union he proposes! They called the as-

sembly at Philadelphia where such

a speech is cheered a meeting of *logi-*

*ots.* Loyal to what? Loyal to civiliza-

tion, to common humanity, to the

least grain of common sense, or the

instincts of decency? That cannot

be where such a discourse as Brown-

low's elicits applause. They must

mean loyalty to cannibal bestiality

and ferocity; loyalty to all the pass-

ions that make men demons; loyalty

to Moloch and “immortal hate.” The

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